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THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

THE Universal Exposition of 1900 made Paris the *fin-de-siècle* arena where Art and Industry combated for supremacy.

The record of its industrial departments must be found elsewhere. This journal is only concerned with the art features of the great show.

The first, the mother of all arts, is Architecture, the necessary. She has not been treated as well as the plastic or pictorial arts. Comparisons are odious, yet the Chicago ensemble comes to mind when one wanders through the four centers of the Paris Fair, two on each side of the Seine and joined by a narrow, mile-long strip. This broken condition impaired the general effect, and yet it aided appreciation of the many diverging styles of architecture, jumbled together, by giving each a setting to itself. But it was wellnigh impossible to pass on all plan elevations submitted; they had to be accepted for lack of time to prepare new plans. Only necessity could have allowed the Monumental Entrance at the Place de la Concorde, designed by Binet. It was a potpourri of heterogeneous ingredients, a ragout of weakly-flavored and clumsily decorated gingerbread, and will be a magnificent model for a masterpiece at the annual French Cooks' Exhibition, to be held in Madison Square Garden next winter.

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The Architecture of the Paris Fair was rococo; it was stucco work; it was piecework. Only a few exceptions may be noted. The "Petit Palais," housing the retrospective display of French Art and Art industry, should be called the finest building in the grounds. It is a permanent structure. The Grand Palais is almost as successful. The new bridge, Pont Alexandre III., is beautifully decorated, but lacks style. The most convincing architectural bits are some of the National Buildings.

In the Rue des Nations the building attracting first attention, for its size, is the palace of Italy, a composite of Florentine and Milanese styles, with a flavor of St. Marks thrown in, very effective to the uninitiated. Belgium carries off the palm. She has reproduced the town hall of Oudenaarden, which dates from the 16th century; tower, gable-window, leaded panes, and sculptured exterior offer a graceful whole.

Alas for the United States pavilion!—a box to support a dome to support an eagle!

But we are considering architecture.

The next most satisfactory building is the British, a 17th century mansion, the counterpart of which stands to-day at Bradford. The Danish house is also gratifying, being nationally characteristic; and the same may be said of Finland, where political reverses have not downed idiomatic expression of art sentiment.

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The Sculpture which was found scattered throughout the grounds and buildings, as well as gathered in the central court of the art palace, can be discussed on another occasion.

The pictorial art now concerns us.

There was a magnificent aggregation of painting and drawing. It is supposed that here were gathered together the best art expressions of every nation contributing. While this may be true of France, of Belgium, and of Germany, it must be said that England, Holland, and the United States at least did not send their best or most representative work.

It was of interest to note the progress made in this art since the last universal exhibition of 1893 at Chicago. And here we find that France has remained on the same level, Germany shows the greatest advance; Holland, perhaps owing to a less judicious selection, has somewhat retrogressed; Sweden has not fulfilled its high promise, and the United States, although

not fairly represented, whereof more later, showed in landscape art a forward stride.

As is known, the jury decided that artists should be catalogued according to the country of their birth. For this reason we find Thaulow in the Norwegian section; Carlos Schwabe, the well known author of "Le Rêve," again promoted to Switzerland; Kaemmerer, the painter of Parisian dainty confections, incongruously thrust among the solid Dutchmen; and the United States section willing to bear the glory of Whistler, the cosmopolitan, who should have been hung in the International division; of Sargent, of Abbey, and others whose permanent home seems to be abroad.

That this rule has, however, not rigidly but inconsistently been observed, is proved by the fact that H. B. Snell, born in England and not long domiciled in America, is counted with the Americans. Albert Sterner, J. Noble Barlow, Julian Story, Rhoda Holmes Nicholls were born in England, but add to our laurels, as does Leonard Ochtman, who was born in Holland. But we should not complain of favors received if not merited according to the rules—we have to bear, on the other hand the meretricious French concoctions of some of our deserters, which rob the American section of much of that peculiar national impress, to the confounding of those who fondly hope for the recognition of a distinct American School.

FRANCE.

The decennial part of this display alone may here be considered. The centennial division of retrospective painting stands by itself and must be treated apart.

France has always been considered the ideal home of Art. There the dominant instinct for the beautiful, fostered and furthered by the government, holds full sway; for the French consider the dignity of artistic achievement an element of national greatness.

French art is bewildering for its many-sidedness. There is exaggerated and morbid realism; symbolism of the most fanciful kind; academic emptiness; decorative, emotional sentimentality, rarely true sentiment; the dramatic rhetoric of the brush, often grandiloquent and bombastic; here and there a sweet lisp of poetic truth; many times cynical irreverence, less frequently the soul of loving devotion; mannerism and affectation, as well as sincerity and truth—this is the French art of the past ten years.

The days of the naturalistic school of landscape painters are past, even those of the impressionistic idealists are numbered; what is to follow in French landscape art is yet a sealed book. Form carries all before it; technique is supreme; color will gratify; but there is no soul—and "art for art's sake" is dead. Few only of the modern French live to paint, most paint to live—perhaps they are right, who knows!

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To give a succinct, critical review of so extensive an aggregation of paintings, which may yet in some measure be useful, I will follow the alphabetic arrangement of the Catalogue. A great aid in the study of the 1500 paintings in the French section was the admirable arrangement whereby examples of the same artist were grouped together, affording an opportunity to appreciate the many-sidedness of a man or arrive more fully at the deftness of his technical trickeries.

Jules Adler shows fine figure work, the colors being kept in tone.

The single example by *Achille-Fould* represents "La Mine d'Or," where exquisite values are wrought on the golden dress.

Aman-Jean, in the half dozen examples shown, three of which are portraits, proves that he can combine decorative effects with quiet colors of well-handled quality.

The "Soap Bubbles," by *Joseph Bail*, presents a satisfying character expression with admirable still-life painting. The four examples by this young artist declare a strong grasp with well-grounded technique.

Mlle. Caroline Bailly's miniatures manifest the artist's study of de Hoogh's light effects.

Léon Barillot offers strong cattle pieces.

The dozen portraits by *Marcel Baschet* are the work of a man whose technical mastery is infused with thoughtful appreciation of his sitter's character.

Among the French paintings at the Exposition attracting most attention was the portrait of Queen Victoria, by *Benjamin-Constant*. This portrait is so overpowering by its virtuosity, its acme of decorative taste, its clever handling of color, that the insincerity, the trickery of the whole composition is not always noted. It is a work that has received on the one hand the highest encomiums, while on the other hand at least one or two artists have never set a foot in that hall since it was hung—let us call it *jalousie de métier*.

Jean Béraud, for the nonce leaving his chromo-like fencing girls, indulges in four irrelevant homilies, in which the Christ is introduced. The aim has apparently been to declare a thought of cynical philosophy, resulting only in impertinence and irreverence. The execution of the work is fine and dexterous, and well fitted for the lithographer's stone. Two portraits present the same characteristics of workmanship without the addition of a directing mentality.

The work of *Paul Bernard* is more gratifying. His portraits and compositions bespeak wealth of color, graceful line, and in his "Danse Espagnole" the convincing side of impressionism.

Gabriel Biessy has a peculiar handling of gray and black with splendid, graceful lines.

The work of *René Billotte*, both in pastel and in the more important medium, is beautiful in tone. His is a landscape art of signal distinction. He gives the warmth of the setting sun, the gray passages of a darkening horizon, the dying light and its nascent with the truth of naked earth or the landscape clothed.

The portrait group of Frits Thaulow and his children, by *Jacques Blanche*, is interesting both for subject and manner.

Among the stereotyped portrait painters, *Léon Bonnat* changes never. His work, sometimes rich in color, as in the portrait of his wife, does not compare with that of the famous limners of human counterfeits.

Ernest Bordes, on the other hand, is better in portraiture than in composition.

The young *J. F. Bouchor* is a decorative painter of much promise.

The work of *W. A. Bouguereau* needs no description. It is known for its excellence and faults.

Boutet de Monvel showed here more pronounced errors in color work than were recognized at last year's New York exhibition of his work. His pictures are as of children, full of the traits of childhood as ever.

Albert Bréauté has three delicate, refined compositions of even handling, which delight the eye.

Jules Breton's work is again attaining the sincerity of his early days. It is colorful and serious.

Emile A. Breton paints not entirely in the same manner, with stringy but effective light touches.

Characteristic Paris scenes are those by *Emile Cagniard*, both in oil and pastel.

Carolus Duran is seen, besides in a few portraits, in compositions which are exceedingly attractive, and carried out with his usual technical facility.

It is not always safe to accuse a man of mannerism, who is unusual, although the haziness of *Eugène Carrière's* work would tempt one to find fault. There is withal the suggestion

of exquisite drawing, his work is good in tone, and the composition is effective.

Jean Casin's work is too well known to need comment. It is a pleasure, however, to note that the work shown here obtains a wider range of handling and manner than many of his canvases seen here would lead us to think him capable of.

The violoncello player by *Achille Cesbron*, under the title "L'Art Domine Tout," is an impressive work in dark tone.

Chartran also stands out nobly among his compeers; some of the portraits have already been seen at Knoedler's, and in these vast surroundings manifest their inherent strength.

Good quality is manifest in the boat scenes by *Ernest Chevalier*.

The still-life of the Dutch little masters is very nearly approached by *René Chrétien*, and also by *Eugène Claude*.

The thinly-painted work of *Gustave Colin* hangs together well and presents picturesque qualities.

Raphael Collin's work is in a light color-key, gracefully presented.

One recognizes in *Charles Cottet* one of the strong men of the future, whose work is bound to gain in public estimation. The old horse on the cliff is one of the best bits of painting to be seen here. He is a tonal painter, who gets his result without the aid of excessive mechanical glazing.

The portraits by *Gustave Courtois* should be marked as those of a master. While his *morbidézza*, that delicate, subtle and life-like rendering of flesh in which some of the older masters excelled, is not always true, the *esprit* of his sitters fills the canvas, the aim, after all, of true portraiture.

His brother-in-law, *Dagnan-Bouveret*, must be regarded as one of the leaders of the French school of figure painters. There is go and action about "Les Conscrits." His "*Consolatrix Afflictorum*," perhaps with too much green on the palette, is reverent and impressive, while the portrait of his wife and child is done *con amore*.

The broad sweep and fine colors of *Dameron's* landscapes are exceedingly satisfactory; while the teachings of Corot are manifest in the compositions by *Damoye*, which are full of atmosphere.

Another painter of Parisian street-life is *Henry Gaston Dairen*.

André Dauchey reminds one of Winslow Homer, although he has a better color sense.

Eugène Dauphin also paints boat-scenes, full of life and color.

Demont fills much wall space with his canvases, the composition of which is, however, kept well in hand with a good eye for color and theatrical effect.

The same may be said of *Mme. Demont-Breton*, whose figure work is impeccable, while the transparency of the water in her pictures is most realistic.

The work of *Louis Deschamps*, while it sometimes possesses good character, lacks quality.

Détaille is the best known military painter, thoroughly exploited, although in his last work he seems to be losing some of his wonted breadth, and gravitating to a Meissonier-like finish.

Perhaps the most prolific contributor was *Dubufe*, whose decorative, weak work, with loud and glaring color, was much in evidence.

Henry Dumont proves himself to be an excellent flower painter.

Gabriel Ferrier's rich colors arrest and gratify the eye.

François Flameng shows greatest proficiency in decorative panels.

The painter's apotheoses on Corot and Millet by *Foubert* are well known through reproductions.

Fournier furnished one of the clous of the Exhibition in "La Foi," which showed too much spread of canvas for the subject.

The work of *Gagliardini*, although painty, shows good color.

One of the finest portraits shown is by *Gandara*; a man entirely unknown on this side of the ocean. His work is graceful and refined, with perfect lines, while the dark background is cleverly handled to set off the semilight on the figure.

The values of the white must be noticed in the two examples sent in by *Paul Gervais*.

An easily overlooked canvas, because of small size, "*An-cienne Retenue à Dieppe*," is offered by *Eugène Grandsire*. It has remarkably fine quality, and the work of this man should frequently be seen in this country.

The large *Grolleron*, "*Frères d'armes*," lacks the warmth, vitality and spirit of *Detaille*.

Gaston Guignard, despite his loaded color, is very effective by broad handling and treatment. His landscapes often have a peculiar romantic charm.

The bright and breezy Quai scenes of *Guillemet* may not be passed by.

Harpignies, who exhibits no less than sixteen of his works in oil and water-color, does not diverge from his usual methods.

The nymphs of *Henner* are well known, hence a composition as ambitious as "*Le Lévitte d'Ephraïm*" attracts attention, where an exquisite touch of yellow, in conjunction with a green garment and blue cape, together with the red hair of one of the figures, is a masterly display of color management. His portraits are far more important than would be expected from his well known mannerism of treating his outlines.

Ivill shows a fine stretch of Dunes, with good light effect, although the artist does not impress one as possessing much force of expression.

The tonal work of *Pierre Lagarde* is somewhat spoiled by his stippling method.

Gaston La Touche revels in color. His green and brown makes his canvases rich and decorative.

Little encomium is needed for the work of *Jean Paul Laurens*, whose work carries well.

The portraits by *Lefebvre* can only be catalogued as being there without making an impression.

The dainty work of *Mme. Lemaire*, on the contrary, must be pointed to as of superior merit.

Too much cannot be said of the examples bearing *Lhermitte's* signature. Here is a man whose art conception is bold, while the sympathy of human interests fills his composition to the delight of the art lover.

Luigi Loir, to whose merit I have often called attention, presents here on a larger scale work which possesses the same excellences as the smaller canvases, which may be seen at Schaus's galleries.

Among the most strikingly beautiful paintings are those by *Eugène Lomont*, who delights in brilliant contrasts of yellowish white with black. His interiors are de Hoogh modernized.

Jules Machard's portraits are delicately brushed, without being finicky. They are good goods done up in small parcels.

Maignan, a decorative painter, takes himself oftentimes more seriously to the establishment of his well-deserved reputation.

H. J. G. Martin, one of the *clou* painters, shows in all his work much philosophic, cynical thought, but he is not always pure in execution nor perfect in the color gamut.

J. C. Meissonier is imitating his father in manner, and the younger Teniers in subject.

Emile René Menard combines in himself the good qualities of a landscapist and portrait painter.

Meslé, although a disciple of Bonnat, shows more of *Cazin's* influence in his technical execution.

Another decorative painter whose color is sure and glowing is *Montenard*, whose pastels are superb examples of what may be done in this medium.

And *Aimé Morot* should be added to the list of successful portrait painters.

Léon Perrault, although well represented, does not command recognition, as his work is along the old road he has travelled these many years.

Edmond Petitjean is a paysagist of sterling worth; his water is limpid, his atmosphere fills the canvas, while he leaves quiet colors and revels in sunlight.

Pointelin seems, however, to have found remuneration in his geometric division of canvas, filled with paint. Otherwise, why should he persist in that monotonous way to measure out his store, be it done with goodly coloring?

If any painters of well-known name are passed by, it is not because their work was either inferior to their usual standing or of insufficient importance to be singled out. This may be said of the work of *Raffaëlli*.

The seacoast views by *Gustave Ravanne* are convincing and of superior value.

Rigolot shows himself to be a man of much promise.

One of the best still-lives in the French section is by *Charles Rivière*, whose "fried eggs" are a temptation to a gourmet.

Tony Robert Fleury continues to impress his admirers with the largeness of his conceptions and the facility of their execution; of anecdotal painting, his is among the best.

Alfred Roll may be regarded to be among the foremost of cattle painters, while the accessories of landscape and figures are handled with equal skill.

Ferdinand Roybet possesses power in all the requirements of successful painting. His canvases conform approvingly to the critical queries of the connoisseur, while they please the amateur by more easily appreciated qualities.

Fernand Sabaté has chosen to place his figures, which are full of character, within or outside church walls. Without playing tricks, he has caught the easiest and best means to express himself, which stamp his work peculiarly individual.

Lucien Simon does broad work, not injurious to his portraiture, while his watercolors give types. His composition is full of action.

Good landscapes are furnished by *Lucien Simonnet*.

As was to be expected, we find among the largest canvases some signed with *Tattegrain's* name. The French like such morbid subjects, while their many museum walls offer inducements for artists to spread-eagleism not to be found in this country.

Paul Vayson also calls attention to himself by large canvases, while he does much better work in his smaller compositions.

Vibert changes not.

Antoine Vollon's apothéose is to be found in half a dozen examples of his best work, both in still-life and landscape.

Uneven work is shown by *Joseph Wencker*, whose portraiture surpasses his landscapes, while the excellent tonal work by *Emile Wéry* infuses his landscape composition with strength and dignity.

To survey the French section as a whole, it must be remarked that the large canvases made to order for the government possess often greater value than could be supposed; that the morbidity of some *clous* seem paradoxical to French character; that there are fewer nudes shown than usually in the Salon; that a new school of French landscape art may be announced in the work of the *Giverny* painters; that the ultra-impressionism is gradually disappearing; that much has been hung which detracts from the merit of the entire section; and that the French are still regarded by many foreign artists to be the only teachers worth imitating, as will be seen in the other sections. It will also be seen that many names generally unknown to American buyers have called for recognition.

THE UNITED STATES.

The American visitor to the Fine Arts Palace naturally and patriotically would first wend his way to the upper galleries, where the United States section was collected. Having to pass on his way through the French section with its hot, red background, its *clous*, its garishness, a sigh of relief would escape him when he reached his destination. Matting on the floor, a sage green background, convenient settees in harmonious color—all was so grateful to the weary senses; and when looking around he saw the very creditable display of canvases on the wall, he would receive a most favorable, and to himself flattering, impression.

It is to be regretted that on closer inspection this first impression was not sustained. There were other sections as tastefully, some even more artistically arranged, as for instance Germany and Austria. Still there was more of a disquieting and dissatisfying nature. Be it remembered that these notes were written on the spot during many mornings of patient study and comparison, and I regret to say that the influence of these surroundings make me regret that the opportunity has again been lost, as it was at the exposition of 1889, to show what American Art stands for.

This exhibit, beautiful though it may be, does *not* represent American Art.

Take out the works of the men who must not and cannot be claimed to be American artists, such as Whistler, Sargent, Abbey, Harrison, Bridgman, Ridgway Knight, Jules Stewart, Hitchcock, Dannat, Alexander, and others whose surroundings, character of work and manners are foreign and nothing else—and we would have had a *very poor show*. And only for the reason that the true American painter was inadequately shown. Many far more characteristic and individual than those represented were left out. These are Tryon, Dewing, Twachtman, Pothast, Rix, McCord, Inness Jr., H. O. Walker, Eggleston; the list might be further extended. Even Winslow Homer would not have been seen, had it not been for private owners.

Not only for our name and standing abroad is this failure to be regretted. Every time the American artists make a competitive exhibition of their work abroad the question is asked by thousands of their compatriots, what progress are we making, and what relative position do we occupy in the great cosmopolitan world of art? This year these questions have been asked with more significance than ever before, and by a constituency of the art lovers of the civilized world. For in the past so much has been promised that many visiting this world's arena were curious to know whether our National spirit, which has taken us so far and so rapidly in material progress, has also served us in the more intangible matters that pertain to art. Why, then, was there not a greater effort made for the display of home work? The artists residing abroad have been greatly and unduly favored. And judging by some of the work admitted from this side, the thought will not down that, alas! again, as before, cliques have jungled and jury-members have pulled. The grounds for regret on account of these facts seem sufficiently real. That medals of all classes have been fairly flung at the American artists is not considered to count by the knowing ones; while at the same time many have resented the bestowing of the grand prizes on Sargent and Whistler, which was verily a left-handed compliment to our native school.

But to the pictures.

The decidedly French work by Jules Stewart, Bridgman and a few others need not be noticed.

One of the finest figure pieces in the section is a water-color by Clara MacChesney. It represents "The Old Blind Fiddler," and is one of those whole-souled works that one can carry in his mind, full of sentiment. It is perfect in drawing and

color, and has the exquisite touch of a master hand. It equals in technical points the best seen here.

This is saying a great deal when some of the other figure work is considered. For although our school is weakest in this respect, there is the earnest of good things to come. Turn to Tarbell's "The Venetian Blind," full of color; to Thayer's "Virgin Enthroned," or his "Young Woman," exquisite in color and tone, finely modeled; to De Camp's "Woman Drying Her Hair"; or to Cecilia Beaux's "Mother and Daughter," with its magnificent values of white and of black, and we must confess that the stilted lay figures of our wonted Academy shows may soon be replaced by living, breathing humanity in pictorial compositions.

George deForest Brush showed here the first one, now owned by Potter Palmer, of his series of portraits of his family, in which he himself appears. Two others of these groups are also shown.

John W. Alexander has a mannerism of his own in his portraits, which is not always agreeable; his unconventional portrait of Rodin, the sculptor, ranks, however, among foremost productions. His autumn landscape is purely decorative, with the same *gobelin* effect.

The portrait of Mr. Wertheimer, by Sargent, has been seen in New York. His likeness of Miss M. Carey Thomas is equally as good, being free and vigorous, refined in face and hands, the dress well painted. His portrait of "Mrs. Meyer and Children" is too Frenchy.

Gari Melcher's "The Fencing Master," and the portrait of a man, are individually executed. They are very strong, excellently posed and of vigorous drawing; the technique leaves nothing to be desired.

Whistler has two full-lengths, one representing a woman, called "Symphony in White;" the other, called "Brown and Gold," is a self-portrait. The queer self-consciousness of the latter may be passed; the former presents some of those superb values of white, which made his Luxembourg picture of his mother famous; it is tender and delicate, without the rhapsodies of imagination which sometimes detract from Whistler's masterpieces.

S. Seymour Thomas has also a well-painted portrait, "Lady in Brown," which is well posed and of distinction.

Mrs. Carroll Beckwith is limned by her husband with great skill.

Good portraits are also furnished by Frances C. Houston, Irving R. Wiles, Robert W. Vonnoh, F. P. Vinton, Marcia O. Woodbury and B. C. Porter.

The two small, low-toned portraits by Clara W. Parrish and S. H. Maurer are exceedingly good, while J. Alden Weir shows Monet's influence in his portrait of a young girl in grey.

None of the landscapes by Alexander Harrison in the United States section are so good as his one example in the Pavilion. They are not as transparent as usual; the "twilight" being better and more luminous.

"Clouds," by Charles A. Platt, is a beautiful skyscape, with satisfactory landscape accessories which are not made too prominent.

Gihon's "Old Mill, Picardy," has a heavy Constable effect.

R. Swain Gifford contributes a fair example, as do Walter Gray, Walter Clarke, Bolton Jones, Warren Eaton.

C. Morgan MacIlhenny shows one of his best water-colors in "November Evening," while his "On the Highlands" is equally good.

"My Bunkie," by Schreyvogel, has been the most advertised picture of last season, through the reproductions made of it. As a typical American subject, it attracted a great deal of attention, and deservedly so.

It was to be regretted that no ambitious canvas was shown of J. Francis Murphy, as our national painters lost thereby much of the credit due them. The two small canvases by Mur-

phy did not rightly represent him. The same must be said of the Innesses, which were not of his best. The Wyants and Homer Martins which were contributed aided, however, the good cause. The same must be said of the work of another deceased artist, Theodore Robinson, one of whose best landscapes, "The Canal," owned by the Society of American Artists, spoke volumes for our landscape art, while his "Woman at the Piano," owned by the Pennsylvania Academy, was one of the fine figure pieces.

H. R. Poore showed a good dog picture; A. Bryan Wall, a sheep composition.

One stands with pleasure before the autumn landscape bearing T. C. Steele's name, entitled "The Bloom of the Grape." It is ruddy, vinous, juicy, with glow and moisture, a bit of natural scenery such as cannot be found except among the Ohio woods and fields.

"Early Evening," by Will S. Robinson, is tranquil, luminous, transparent.

The "Woman with the White Shawl," by William M. Chase, appears again; some one mentions the portrait of "Whistler's Mother"—this does the Chase picture too much credit. Far better is he in the "First Touch of Autumn," and best in "The Big Brass Bowl."

And again we recognize the dexterous imitation of the soul of nature in Horatio Walker's "Spring Plowing," forceful, mighty, with that strange penetration of brilliant light, half visible, that works up all color to the highest possible pitch and key of pure, harmonious intensity.

There are strong landscapes here. These are Charles H. Woodbury's "The Green Mill," a *paysage* full of atmosphere, while his "A Rock in the Sea" has all the turmoil of swirling waters. Also Enneking's "Twilight" and Harry Vander Weyden's "The Hillside," where one looks over the cliff on towering cloud mountains.

T. Noble Barlow has tender feeling in his "One Summer Night," which received a gold medal at last year's Salon.

The "Old Vanderbilt Dock" of Fred. Kost steadily gains with renewed inspection. Bogert's marine "Sea and Rain" is good and forceful.

Ochtman's "Winter Morning" and "Autumn Twilight" are of his best. Henry H. Muhrmann promises much for the future by the two examples he shows. Charles H. Fromuth shows Cotten's influence, and yet may be regarded with favor.

Ben Foster's "Road and Cottage by the Murmuring Stream" is a painting of tender impression; nature's simplicity and her romance are intertwined in charming harmony. Robert C. Minor's single example, "Moonlight," has a natural gorgeousness of palette subdued by delicacy of feeling. Threads and flakes of vapor in a molten, mantling sea of night light turn every ripple and wave of a moonbeam silvery. On the other hand, it cannot be said that the two examples by Charles H. Davis do this great landscapist fair justice. Bruce Crane's "Signs of Spring" is one of his best. Birge Harrison's "Morning off Santa Barbara" is simple and interesting. The landscapes by Eugene Vail, Willard L. Metcalf, Van Boskerck are fair.

W. A. Coffin sent in a "Sunrise," which is wholly convincing to a lover of nature in her earliest moods.

Work in a vein to which we are accustomed from the individual artists, and most of it representative of their abilities and talents, was exposed by John La Farge, Childe Hassam, George Hitchcock, J. G. Brown, George W. Maynard, C. C. Curran, Robert Reid and J. Alden Weir.

Robert Blum transfers us to Japanese street life with its voluptuous colors; Elizabeth Nourse brings us to the "Church at Volendam, Holland" in a characteristic type study; Albert Herter lifts impressively the veil from the universal country of "Sorrow."

Miss Kate Carl has a dainty composition exquisite in drawing of a full-length nude standing in a dark room before a

mirror, on the top of which a single light is burning. The light reflections are very cleverly handled. August Franzen also has some good genre work. The work of H. O. Tanner has been sufficiently spoken of; it is characteristic of the man and places him on a high plane for dignity and talent. Albert Sterner's "Mother and Child" was tender and colorful, but unimportant; his "Portrait of a Lady" represented him better.

"The Building of the Sky-Scraper," by Homer Lee, attracted much attention because of the American flavor of the subject, as well as for the merit of its presentation. A "Study from the Nude," by Louis Kronberg, was strong in drawing; E. Irving Couse was unfortunately represented by his "Along the Quai," a French scene, instead of one of his Indian subjects, which would have been far more appropriate and of greater credit to the artist. It is a pity that neither he nor George de Forest Brush sent one of their aborigine motives.

"The Violinist," by Wilton Lockwood, is to be highly commended. The genre by Julius Rolshoven has good qualities of white and red; it is "My Great-Grandmother's Finery," which tells its own story.

To conclude, I would recall with pleasure two little water-colors by Mrs. Charlotte B. Coman, which are in line with the general character of her work.

The Black and White sections, which I cannot now particularize, showed the high standard which American illustrators and etchers and engravers have obtained.

GERMANY.

This section gave me the best impression. The arrangement was perfected with great taste, although the light in the afternoon was not quite sufficient. There is a decided departure from academic tenets or Dusseldorf reminiscences. The secessionists have contributed their share in bringing about this revolution.

Lenbach must be considered the foremost and principal figure in German art to-day. His portraits are exceptionally strong in expression and character. It is true that he seems to follow somewhat of the brown tints of Rembrandt; and perhaps there is some affectation in the manner in which he paints so realistically that blue and pink around the eyes—no matter, his work is the ideal of portraiture.

The "Sailor's Departure," by Hans von Bartels, is at once an example of the broader treatment and more vigorous handling of the newer men, which is also demonstrated in Eugen Ducker's marine.

Von Gebhardt, to whose work I devoted an article some time ago, has another religious subject in "The Resurrection of Lazarus," which shows a reverent spirit and of striking conception.

Nicolaus Gysis is a decorative painter of pleasing talent, while the canvas by Robert Haug possesses many good points. Johann Hofner paints the texture of feathers and fur to perfection. August Holmberg, although his brush work is somewhat finical, has good color on his palette, which he rightly tones.

Fritz von Kaulbach ranks easily next to Lenbach in portraiture. His is a sincere method. Albert von Keller likewise limns the human countenance well, but is weak in the drapings. Other good portraits are shown by Conrad Kiesel, by Max Koner, one of the German Emperor, and by Léon Pohle.

Ludwig Knaus, the veteran, has added another one to his long list of original and charming creations, full of vigor. The "Jewish Quarter," which he shows here, is a tonal picture with virile presentments of the Ghetto character. Fritz von Uhde is not as strong as we have seen him on former occasions, yet there is such a vast difference between his paintings of the Christ, and those by Béraud! Franz Stück, with his magnifi-

cent conceptions, seems to be drifting somewhat to mannerism, as his stippling methods and strokes make his trees and figures and clouds look queer. He should not have time to play tricks on the road to show his dexterity. *Carl Seiler* has a good composition, "Frederick the Great on a Journey." It is well drawn and hangs together. The "Concert," by *Otto Rasch*, is given in a fine interior with effective light arrangements.

Of the landscapes I would yet mention the excellent wood interior by *Walter Leistikov*, and the rich tone of *Erich Kubierschky's* canvas. The broad sweep of city line combines with good color in *Gustav Schonleber's* "Besigheim." *Victor Weishaupt* declares a facile hand in cattle painting, while one of the best marines is furnished by *Carl Saltzmann*.

Of still-life painters, those attracting most attention are *Adam Kunz*, whose palette is as opulent as *Villon's*, and *Ernst Zimmermann* with a fish picture like unto any by *Van Beyer*.

Thus we see new vigor acting as a solvent to the petrification of the German school, which no longer is made up of conventional grace, lighting and sentiment, with figures, striking attitudes, put down by the rule of thumb, proving their own absurdity. The change is coming rapidly and unerringly toward the consummation of a great national school, to be the fairest flower of their federation which will bear the fruit of deepest national feeling.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The English have of late been greatly advertising their artists in their various art journals. This is perhaps the reason that this section was somewhat of a disappointment to me.

There is a good deal of Pre-Raphaelite imitation to stare the Burne-Jones contributions out of countenance. There is a good deal of "nice" landscape work, with or without "nice" figures; also there are to be found many good-looking women and honorable men portrayed in a good old-fashioned, conventional way. There is much art that may be called "official art"; it is so proper, so classic, so *comme il faut*. Two men, for whom I looked especially, *Byam Shaw* and *Brangwyn*, did not interest me over much, the former with his sea fantasy, "Where?" and the latter with his Oriental market. They have done much better work. Nor did the canvas by *Watts* impress me greatly.

The best two canvases in the collection I would consider to be two portraits, one by *Orchardson*, of "Sir Walter Gilbey, Baronet," and the other one by *Shannon* (C. H.), showing a "Man in a Black Shirt." Other notable portraits are by *W. W. Oules*, *Sir George Reid*, who is the President of the Royal Academy of Scotland, and by *Prof. H. Herkomer*.

The contributions bearing the names of *Leighton*, *Millais*, *Poynter*, *Alma Tadema*, possessed all of those good qualities which have made these men prominent and fashionable. Purely decorative work is that by *Frank Dicksee*, whose color is rather dry; by *Albert Moore*, who followed *Puvis de Chavannes*, and by *Ralph Peacock*, whose "Dame Dansant" is delicate and graceful. Among the tonal painters should be classed *Leslie Thomson*, *Bertram Priestman*, *Julius M. Price*, and *Sir John Gilbert*. Excellent drawing is in the work by *A. C. Gow*, *E. A. Waterlow*, and by the vigorous hand of *C. Napier Henry*.

Miss Clara Montalba's water-color of Venice by moonlight is rather a suggestion than an event; still it contains the germ of creditable accomplishment.

At the Tooth Galleries, in New York, we have seen the animal paintings by *J. M. Swan*; the four examples which he sent to Paris fully sustain his high reputation. *Briton Riviere* gives also a good account of himself in "Faithful to the Death." *John Lavery's* work is even; it is perhaps not in order to express fear, still the thought occurs in looking at his portraits that many commissions might spoil a good painter.

Good figure work is done by *Peter Graham*, *J. Henry Henshall*, in a water-color, *Solomon J. Solomon*, and by *Marcus Stone*. *J. H. Lorimer's* "At the Last Moment" is a clever conception where the values of white, that great *crux*, are dexterously handled, though the picture lacks in perfection of detail. *W. L. Wyllie's* canvas is rich, with opulent Turneresque color. An impressive view of Durham Castle is furnished by *Harry Hine*; while *Sir Wyke Bayliss* contributes one of his grand church interiors, this time depicting St. Peter's at Rome.

The much-vaunted Glasgow school was not in evidence, the only men to be singled out being *A. K. Brown*, with a water-color depicting a summer's day in Scotland; *J. E. Christie*, with the "Piper of Hamlin," and *James Kay*, whose "Clyde at Glasgow" was one of the finest bits in the section.

To resume, the English do far better work in water-color than in oil. And furthermore, this section was most wretchedly hung, as the best pictures were persistently skied—but that may only be an individual notion.

HOLLAND.

The Chicago Exposition was a revelation to American art lovers of the merit of modern Dutch art; even to the extent that in the Dutch section there were sold about as many pictures as in all the other sections combined. The Dutch section at the Paris Fair did not create the same powerful impression. It may have been because there were fewer pictures, and less of those of signal importance, although a few of the men were better represented than in Chicago. This was true of *H. W. Mesdag*, the marine painter, who sent in two of the finest seascapes that ever left his easel; while *Willem Maris* contributed a most ambitious and grandly executed work in which there is no preference between the manner of representing the kine and the atmospheric delight of the landscape setting.

A new name should attract especial attention. It is that of *Willy Shuyter*, who has a large beach scene; some horses pulling at a cable to haul up a boat are drawn with all the vigor of which *Géricault* was master, but in a color more suitable to the gray atmosphere of the dunes. This young man should be carefully watched, as he is bound to develop into a strong painter.

For the rest, the names on the tablets are all familiar to American art lovers, who have followed the work of these serious, sincere artists. *Louis Apol* is broader than usual, and with a wider reach in his winter effect. *Arntzenius* makes steady progress with his street scenes; and *du Chattel* likewise has broadened, whereby his landscapes, with less poetic charm, have gained in strength. The same must be said of *Willy Martens* and *Klinkenberg*.

Blommers gives a beach scene full of sunlight and color, and like *Neyhuys* in his "Interiors," gives the best for many a day. This may not be said of *Joseph Israels*—but this veteran should receive the honor of a life time, not of a passing exposition effort. Another veteran is *Weissenbruch*, who has renewed his youth, and must have had a special inspiration when picturing this striking strand.

S. J. Ten Cate proves to be full of promise, as his river scene with boats at Rotterdam, bathed in the light of a setting sun, is entirely characteristic and individually executed. A good interior is painted by *Ed. Frankfort*. Other names more or less new to American collectors are *J. G. Heyberg*, who gives also a striking interior, and one of the best in this section; *J. H. Van Mastenbroek*, with a good city view; *P. Rink*, who has a typical figure piece; and *M. Schildt*, a coming man of vigorous make-up.

There seems to be a widespread tendency among the Hollanders for broader work, as is also evidenced in the examples by *Wysmuller*, *de Bock* and *Bastert*. *Kever* persists in painting his interiors on comparatively small canvases and in dark

colors; the best part of his work is his inimitable portrayal of child life, the child of the soil, often with a veritable cherub head. *Mme. S. Mesdag* shows a stride forward in her Gelderland scene.

The impressionist among these naturalistic brethren of the brush is *Hart Nibbrig*, who only of late years is following the *plein air* school. His work, albeit not in the usual lay of the land, is still deserving of much praise for careful drawing and harmony in the colors. The stippling work of *J. Toorop* is very peculiar and not always convincing.

One of the strongest portraits was painted by *Miss Schwartz*, of the late Boer commander, *Piet Joubert*. It is a work that for technical excellence and inspiring presence ranks very high. Another good portrait was by *A. Boudewynse*.

Honor was done the memory of *Jacob Maris* by two of his best works, a characteristic stretch with windmills, and a sea-shore with gray sky. They were superb.

In the black and white section the etchings by *Bauer, Wilsen, Zilcken* and *Storm van 's Gravesande* were especially noteworthy.

BELGIUM.

This section is very attractive, all the work widely diverges. For contrast, place next to each other an *Alfred Stevens* and an *Emile Claus*. *Stevens* is the neat, elegant painter of dainty ladies' boudoirs and of artists' studios; *Claus* sees out in the open the cows and water in sharp sunlight with strange, strong colors, and he paints this with a force and a brilliancy which amazes. *De Braeckeleer* is somewhat in the manner of *Stevens* with more vigor, still away behind *Felicien Rops*, whose earnestness and fierce assertion and sharp types are astounding.

Alexander Struys is too loud in color to be convincing, although he seeks to express much. Good work is shown by *Stobbaerts, Baertsoen*, and *Blicke*. The three examples by *Jan van Beers* are beautifully painted, and that is all that can be said of them. *Van Evenepoel* is too strongly influenced by *Manet*, but he shows a very good canvas nevertheless. The three fantasies by *Klopf* are strange, but well drawn and decorative. The *bête noire* of the section is a ridiculous triptych by *Frédéric*, where ugly little nude children represent the waves of a rivulet. It is *outré*!

NORWAY.

Little need be said of this section. With the exception of *Thaulow's* work, which is excellent, it seems that the artists in attempting to depict those grand fjords and marvellous summer nights, have found these panoramic views somewhat beyond their power. *Gehr. Munthe* shows some very good watercolors. *Amaldus Nielsen* fairly succeeds in catching the voice of Nature. Of the portraits, the best is one by *Erik Werenskiöld*, of *Hendrik Ibsen*.

SWEDEN.

Here, also, there is a lack of strength to inspire the sentiment of reality. *Elias Erdtman*, *Axel Sjöberg*, and *Bruno Liljefors* come nearest to brilliancy. *Anders Zorn's* work is known here, and was of his usual style. About the best landscapes in the section were painted by *Prince Eugene*.

DENMARK.

After these two Scandinavian sections, it was a pleasure to rest in the third, the one of Denmark. There is less of the strenuous life here, less of attempting to dip the brush in the aurora. There are beautiful little interiors, good portraits and simple landscapes. *Hammershøj* is an interesting painter, who knows how to make something pretty out of common, every-

day incidents. "The Old Courtyard" is piquant, only too walls filled with uniform windows; there is in it a good deal of *DeHooch's* light effect.

Julius Paulsen shows the technical understanding of open-air *chiaroscuro*. *L. Tuxen* is a fine colorist. *Viggo Johansen* shows a Danish interior, such as we have seen it described in national tales.

RUSSIA.

There is little nationalism in Russian art; most of it is a following of the Paris schools, producing only imitators, who sometimes become caricatures of their masters.

The more the pity. For there lies underneath a strain of strength, be it uncouth. The wit, the gayety, the delicate flavor that have made the fortune of genre painting in France are not at home here. Most appealing to the national temperament are the sad and bitter strokes that picture life. Leave a Russian artist full swing and have him paint as he feels, without foreign influences—he will depict with somber energy of expression and manner deep-penetrating sentiments, even though he should sometimes force the note and become vulgar, by no means will he show the froth and bubbles of polite imagination.

Passing, then, the imitative work, I would only call attention to a fine figure-piece by *Vladimir Makovsky*, representing the "Poorhouse at Moscow"; also, to *Constantin Korovine's* composition showing the characteristics of Spanish types, which is painted with snap. Good landscapes are furnished by *Isaac Levitan* and by *Eero Jaernfelt*; while *Valentin Serov* has some portraits which are full of the personality of the sitters.

BALKAN STATES.

Roumania sent in a large number of paintings. Most of these are built on decorative lines, executed in French methods, with some local peculiarities in composition. The best contributions were by *Dimitri Serafin* and *Nicolas Gropeano*.

The same may be said of the Bulgarian section, where *Jaroslav Vesin* excelled by his splendid drawing. *Svetislav Ivanovitch* attracted most my attention in the Servian section.

AUSTRIA.

The separation between the "Künstler-genossenschaft Wien" and the Secession has been kept on severe lines in the Austrian section.

One of the best landscape painters is *Ferdinand Andri*, whose compositions and colors make his creations decorative without destroying the open air feeling. *Emil Arlik* imposes also fine color on the canvas. The pastels by *Théodor Axentowicz* reach the acme of excellence in this medium. *Léopold Burger*, the Vienna artist, has a water-color of "Earthly and Heavenly Love," which does not bring to mind Titian's famous conception, being quite original. *Hugo Darnout* has the golden autumn for a setting to his picturesque "Ruins of a Castle."

HUNGARY.

Too many pictures by far! The best art in this section is found in the portraits by *Ferrais*, *Horowitz*, *Lots*, *Laszlo*, and *Ziegler*.

Daniel Mihalik offers a winter landscape which deserves notice.

SWITZERLAND.

As is the case with the Scandinavian sections, we find here

the impress of national scenery. *Bieler* and *Hodler* assert themselves here.

The portrait by *de Beaumont* is better than his landscape, and the same is true of *Charles Giron*. *Hans Sandreuter* gives in "Il decamerone" a poor imitation of Botticelli, but he is better in the other canvases. *Louise Breslau's* pastel portraits are clever, but too colorful and superficial.

ITALY.

Italy is made exceptionally interesting by three men: *Segantini*, *Boldini*, and *Michetti*.

Jean Segantini is well represented by his large triptych, unfortunately left unfinished at his death, "Nature, Life, Death." The work of this master, in all its peculiarity, always impresses one with its deep thought. Those high Alps, given in every detail, are fused together and become one grand panorama, and when he adds thereto human interests his canvas becomes almost symbolic.

Boldini is here with four portraits, entirely different work from that of his lately deceased compatriot. These people are not pleasing; they have something irritating in their expressions, one gets nervous by looking at them; long, thin, people with pointed bent fingers, mocking eyes, and peculiar smiles—they are fascinating.

Michetti has two artistic natures. Look at his strange, large compositions, "The Serpents," a half-heathenish procession, and "The Maimed," a weird imagery. Then take in the two small canvases, with tender pink and light green, a color combination which is at present very popular in all the foreign sections. One could hardly recognize the same hand in this diverging work.

These three men considerably overshadow the other Italians, and nevertheless one would be surprised at seeing so many simple, quiet landscapes, full of sentiment. *Emile Gola* handles the pigment with discrimination and with a free brush. *Ciardi* also adds to the meritorious landscapes; and the splendidly lit sky of "Malaria," by *Misizaneiti*, has the right key. Excelling in figure-work are *Cesar Laurenti*, *Léonard Bazzaro* and *Vincent Caprile*. *Grosso's* portraits were well limned.

SPAIN.

Little of note is to be found in this section. The glory of *Velasquez* and *Murillo* has departed, and the paint has dried up on their palettes. New tubes had to be imported from Paris and the ideas came with them. There is even the ghastliness of a morbid decadence, as in *Cabrera Canto's* composition, and where there is anything appealing it is an echo of some voice heard beyond the Pyrenées. The portraits by *Madrazo*, thoroughly French, are weak; only in "Figure grandeur naturelle," as he calls it, is there meritorious work in the morbidezza. *Jaime Morera* attains to fine mountain views; *Eliseo Meifren* has a broad sweep of land, suffused in pale moonlight.

PORTUGAL.

In the Portuguese section the artists are preceded by their king. No. 1 is a pastel by *Dom Carlos I.* It may be passed. The best of the section is the portrait work, which, however is in no wise startling; *Carlos Reis* and *José Malhoa* come first.

JAPAN.

It is to be regretted that a transition is to be noted from old Japanese art to pure European. Sad, indeed, that the Japan artist departs from his own characteristic conception to heed Western influences. There are two galleries with old Japan, two with the modern art—shall we call it decadent? Next

time, perhaps, the old will have entirely disappeared. There are yet very fine trees, and flowers, and animals, and clouds in Japan fashion, but also many leaves on which the European taint predominates.

VARIÆ.

An international section contained some works that for various reasons had been omitted in the catalogue. Nothing of great importance was shown there.

The British Pavilion housed a collection of early British art, such as has been rarely brought together. These works, by *Reynolds*, *Gainsborough*, *Romney*, *Turner*, and others gave one the impression as if the flower of every English collection, public and private, had been selected to demonstrate the glory of British art. It was an astounding, a marvelous display.

In the German Building there was a collection of the exquisite works by *Lancret*, *Watteau*, *Pater*, *Van Loo*, *Detroi*, *Chardin*.

The walls of the Spanish Pavilion were hung with magnificent tapestries, superior to any seen anywhere else. A replica of the *Velasquez* statue at Madrid formed the central decoration.

In the Austrian Pavilion there were decorations by *Mucha*, whose work was also in evidence in the Austrian section of the Industrial Building.

Reference to the Centennial division of the French art section must for the present be deferred.

A LIBRARY FOR ARTISTS.

THE library of the Salmagundi Club has been enriched by a gift of 145 books from Mr. J. Sanford Saltus. Over thirty of these are works on costume, a number of which Mr. Saltus has had mounted and bound from plates collected recently in Paris and Nice. One unique volume consists of the large fashion plates for men from 1849 to 1900, the plates having been secured from the "Philanthropic Society of Merchant Tailors of Paris," each plate bearing the stamp and crest of that society. Only one other complete set of these plates remains in Paris, in the keeping of the Tailors' Society. Plates of men's costumes, covering the first half of the century, one plate a year, were collected in Paris for the club last year. In the same manner the costumes for women, one plate for each year, make two more volumes. Mr. Saltus was more than three months in search of several of the prints for years which have become for one or another reason very rare. Thirty books of this lot embrace Mr. Saltus' collection of works on gypsies and gypsy lore, including the writings of *George Borrowe*, *C. G. Leland* and *Walter Simson*, and the journal of the Gypsy Lore Society of Edinburgh.

One of the features of Mr. Saltus' gifts consists of the beautiful bindings in crushed levants and tooled leather.

W. H. SHELTON.

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The autumnal decoration in the Wanamaker store deserves recognition for its artistic effect. The entire rotunda has been made a temple of nature as she shows herself at the time when "the sere and yellow leaf" flutters through the air. The varicolored foliage is in evidence on the branches, which run up the sides of the rotunda, while in the center trees and old worm-eaten fences form the setting. Stuffed animals everywhere bring to mind the shooting season. The only note of discord is the painting by *Dumont*, "Elephants in the Arena," from the Pittsburg Exposition, which, hanging in the midst of all this, is decidedly out of place.